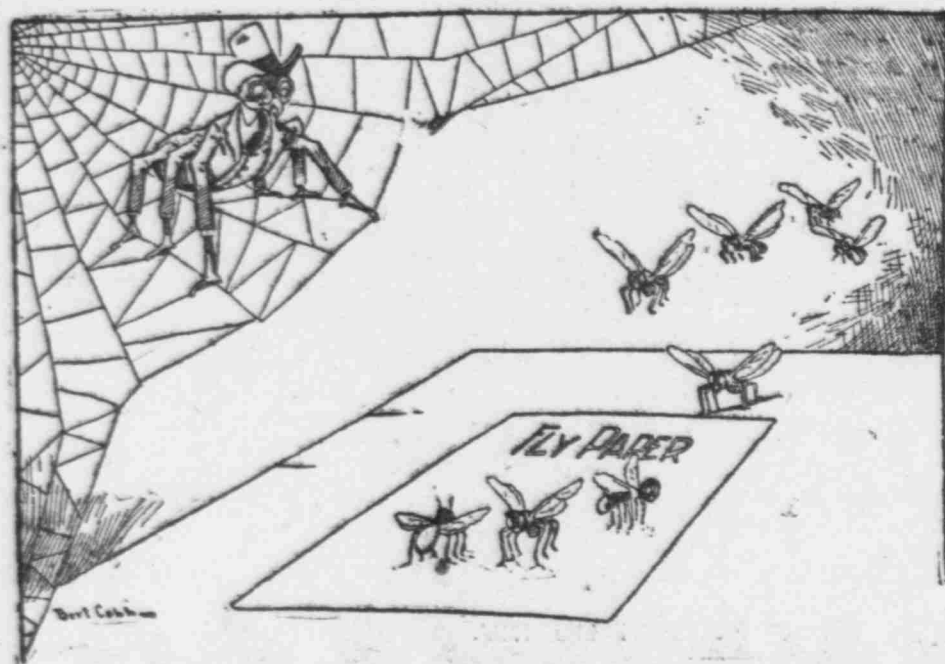




Myrtilla—Yes, dear, Fred and I were drawn together the first time we met.
Edythe—Yes, where was it, in a studio or hammock?



Spider—Those flies didn't care much for my web, but they're dead stuck on that fly paper.



KNEW HIS BUSINESS.
City Boy (in the country)—That's a queer place to plant seeds.
Country Boy—These ain't seeds. I'm planting Indian relics for the summer boarders to find.



ONLY ONE!
Mrs. Uptowne—Before engaging you I must ask you if you have any incumbence.
Applicant (for position as cook)—Jist wan policeman at prisint, ma'am; that's

LIKE A GENTLEMAN.

In the days gone by, when Pawnee Joe entered a saloon in Deadwood and asked the crowd up to drink, he knew that it was the action of a gentleman. When the crowd had imbibed and Joe had found himself \$2 short on the bill he realized that he was a gentleman laboring under temporary financial embarrassment. When the bartender couldn't see it that way, but began calling names, Joe decided as a gentleman that he was called upon to shoot. When he had shot he turned to the crowd and queried:
"Am I k'ect in thinkin' I am among a crowd of gentlemen?"
"You are," was chorused.
"Have I acted like a gentleman?"
"You have."



When he had shot.
"And in the hangin', which ar' about to take place, a gentleman can depend upon bein' treated like a gentleman?"
"He kin."
"Very well, gentlemen—go ahead with the hanging."
And the crowd of gentlemen took him out and hung him in a genteel way, as befitting a gentleman, and outsiders said it was the dearest little event of the necktie sort that had happened in that locality for years.
JOE KERR.



Daisy—What! Did she marry Cholly Shallowpate? Why he is only an apology for a man.
Maisy—Well, she decided to accept the apology offered.



SURE THING.
She—Do you think there is more in anticipation than in realization?
He—Well, I believe there is more pleasure in lying about the fish than in catching them, if that is what you mean.



"Mr! What a state your shoes are in?"
"Yep. I'm thinkin' of suing dis country fer not havin' better roads?"



FATHER NEVER TOOK WATER.
Bilson—I saw your little boy today.
Booser—Do you think he's like me?
Bilson—He's like you in some respects and unlike you in others.
Booser—How so?
Bilson—Well, for instance, he asked me for a drink—of water.

IT HAD AN END.

One evening when the mail arrived at Barberaville by stage there was the usual move on the part of the crowd of idlers to enter the postoffice. It so happened that Jones, the village cooper, jostled White, the village cobbler, and they turned upon each other with:
"What ye pushin' fur, Tom Jones?"
"Who's a pushin', Bill White?"
"You are."
"No, I hain't."
"Then I'm a liar!"
"Then you be!"
"Then I can lick two such pumpkin heads as you!"
"Then I dare you to lay a hand on me!"
There was hope that they would fight, but nothing of the kind took place. Next evening they had the scrap over again, and so on the next, and by and by it came to be a regular thing. Every week-day evening for long years they had a war of words, and there was little variation. Then the people of the town became discouraged, and one evening as the two men were going through the usual program they were suddenly pushed together. White accidentally stuck a finger in Jones' eye, and Jones kicked at a dog and landed on White's shin. It was a golden opportunity for the long-deferred battle to go on, and for a few seconds the crowd held its breath. Then the two men turned and fled from each other, one going up the street and the other down, and when they met, three days later, Jones held out his hand and said:
"Then I can lick two such pumpkin heads as you!"
"Bill, I hain't mad at you and never was."
"Tom," replied Bill as he reached for the hand, "I hain't mad at you, neither, and let's go fishin' tomorrow together!"
JOE KERR.

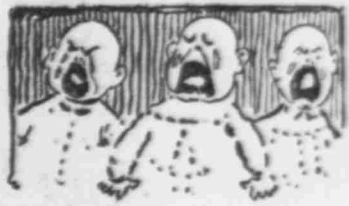


The doctor is perplexed, you see;
An auto, very fleet,
Who was walking in the street.
The patient's trunk and limbs came home;
But this is what is said.
He was so frightened at the noise
He somewhere lost his head.

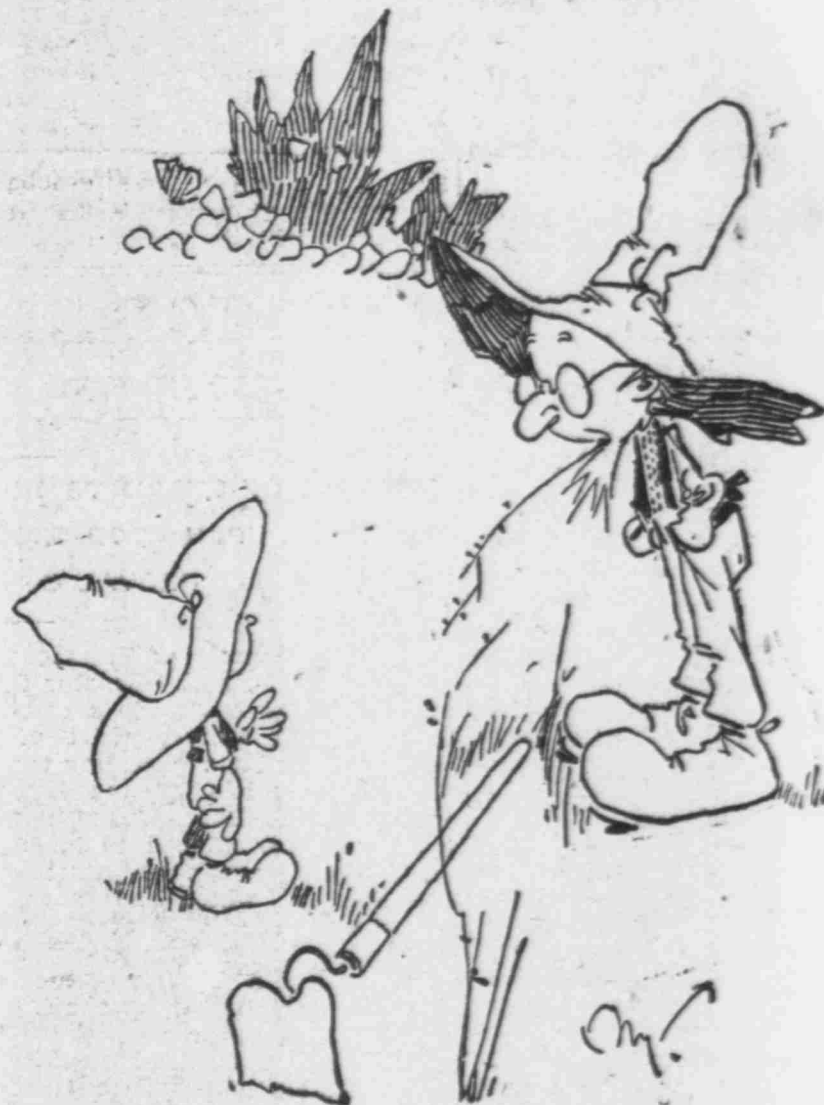
Find the poor man's head.

D STANDS FOR "DUCHESS"

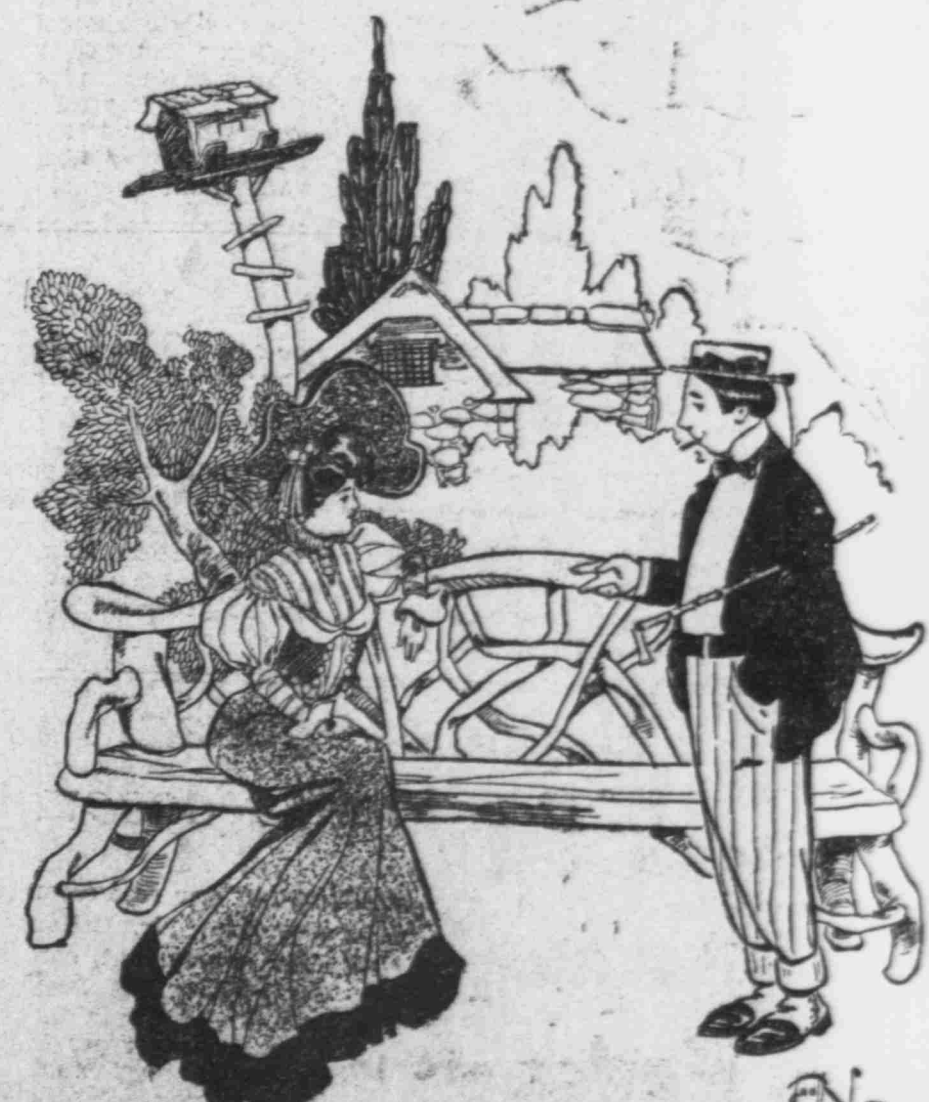
"Who Was the Heir?" is a late volume to make chills creep up the reader's back. The nurse of a duchess changes the children in the cradle, substituting her own. The lady's maid sees her and wrings in her sister's infant. The cook catches the maid at it and removes the kid and slips in her little niece. The butler sees by the cook's confusion that she has been up to snuff, and he overhauls the cradle and rings in the coachman's son. There are no more changes, but as the kids grow up an heir is wanted for a fortune of \$50,000,000. Three dictors, four lawyers, six old servants and a fortune-teller try to untangle the web, but they would never have met with success but for a hoodlum who discovered the letter D on the toenail of one of the contestants.



Who was the Heir?
As it was plain to all that D stood for duchess, the rightful heir was put in position.
session, the hoodlum became a member of the legislature and sold his vote to the Gas Trust, and the goose hung high.
JOE KERR.



NUTHIN' DOIN'.
"Say, pop, the fishes is bitin' like anything today."
"All right, son, jest you stay right here and they won't bite you."



Mrs. Dickson—The Henderson girls go to church every Sunday now.
Mr. Jackson—I wonder where they got their new clothes?